4-YR.-OLD IS HEAD OF PROSTITUTE RING

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THE NATIONAL PUTON PRESS

MODEL TRAPPED IN MAILBOX WITH SEX CRAZED MIDGET

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MIAMI...SCENE OF THE GREATEST PUTON EVER TOLD

by SKETCH YOBANGI
Puton Political Reporter

The Republicans made a logical choice in picking Miami as the site for their 1968 convention because Nixon had the nomination all wrapped up and the glittering phonies of the Florida city provided a perfect backdrop for a great political puton.

Ever since the Oregon Primary, Nixon knew he had it on the first ballot.

Rocky knew Dick had it on the first ballot.

Ronnie knew Richard M. had it on the first ballot.

The entire GOP establishment knew that the former veep had it on the first ballot.

Even I knew he had it.

But the party bosses must have figured that it would look better if they give the impression that there was some sort of fight being waged and so they put the country on with a Roman-type circus which had everything except skinny Christians being tossed to fat lions.

GEORGE C., spewer of hate and racism.

But why Nixon in the first place? According to the polls, those supposed barometers of what we, the people, think, Nixon was constantly the second and sometimes the third choice. So how come he had the nomination all along?

The rumor echoing around the smoky rooms — and believe me, they still exist — is that the invisible power of the party, the money men who bankroll the GOP want the Democrats to stay in control.

It seems they like a Federal Government who will pay them and all their expenses to research new products and then buy back those taxpayer-backed projects at inflated prices. They call this "prosperity."

And the one way to stay in good with your political buddies and still let the other side win is to fight for a loser and in my opinion, Nixon is just that.

He proved this when he picked ol' what's his name for vice-president, hammering in the last nail of his political coffin by ignoring the more popular, if more liberal, members of his party. Nixon seems to be catering to the voter who cheers Goldwater and Billy Graham while hissing Senator Howard Baker of Tennessee, a Republican they consider to have "New Deal tendencies."

In fact, the whole routine reminds me of the plot of a new movie, "The Producers."

WHO WOULD BUY a used car from either Nixon or Humphrey?

In this epic, which is one of the funnies movies of our time, a Broadway producer and an accountant come up with a scheme that if they have a sure flop which would close the first night they could make a killing. This was accomplished by selling well over 100% of the play to little ole ladies. The play would flop and no dividends would have to be paid. They would pay off the actors and head to South America with the loot.

However, the ending in the movie is that the play is an unexpected hit and the producers have to pay out several times 100% in dividends which is impossible. So off to jail.

But don't expect that to happen to Tricky Dick. He doesn't have much of a chance because of another great puton artist, George Wallace, will gather up most of the votes which went to Goldwater in '64 and would have slid Nixon's way in '68.

That's why I felt that the only hope for the GOP was that they had to come up with a ticket that would appeal to the large urban areas and the northern voters.

They didn't do this and part of the fault must sit on the head of the Republican liberal, himself.

What was John Lindsey doing while the party bosses were picking Nixon? Instead of fighting back, he was giving a seconding speech for ol' what's his name. And Rockefeller wasn't putting up much of a battle as he refused to enter any primaries and spent most of his money for TV spots and balloons. Where was Percy? Case? Javits? And other GOPers who don't cater to the ultar-conservative wing?

But I shouldn't just blast the Republicans for trying to puton the world. By the time this issue hits the newsstands, another great farce will be spread over the land — the Democrats will be going through the same motions.

Oh, the Dems have Senator McGovern making a little noise and McCarthy is always good for some bland newscopy. Even the ol' ax handle swinger himself, Maddox, had entered the running. But it is pretty well accepted that Hubert Humphrey will get the nod and unless he picks a chimpanzee or Ho Chi Minh for his running mate, he'll probably get the nod this November.

So the next time you get irritated at the kids demonstrating against the establishment, stop and think for a minute. Stop and consider just who the establishment is and how much you, the average American, really has to say about what happens in this nation. Stop and remember how many times you've been double-crossed by a potician who sold out to either the rich or poor lobbies, depending on which would give him the most headlines. Remember the many times you've been forced to pay higher taxes to support some silly governmental project while the guy who makes millions has hundreds of loopholes to run his cash through Stop and think. And you'll probably join the kids on the picket lines.

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Three Days Of Terror . . .

MODEL TRAPPED IN MAILBOX WITH SEX-CRAZED MIDGET

Beautiful Marsha Was Repeatedly Raped and Beat

Mailing a letter is a common, everyday occurance to most people.

But to Marsha Wallington that simple act ended with her being trapped inside a mailbox with a sex-crazed midget who alternately raped and beat her for three days.

The 23-year-old model had no idea what would happen when she took a summer modeling job in Spiffington-On The-River, Wisc., a small resort area near the Canadian border.

Her duties were to model summer fashions and walk around the small amusement park, acting as a hostess and guide.

After she had started, she met Herman Wallz, a sideshow midget who also ran the Tunnel of Love ride.

"At first, he seemed like a nice little man," Marsha later told police.

"When we were first introduced, Hermie bought me a lunch and said that he would let me ride free on his Tunnel of Love boat.

"But the last time, he got a little fresh and started putting his little hands all over my body.

"When I objected, he stopped and apologized, and I figured that would be the end of it.

"And he acted as nice as could be until —."

Marsha tearfully added that Wallz must have had the idea to rape her from the beginning because when he found out she wrote her mother every day, he quizzed her about which mailbox she used.

"He was very insistant on learning which box I dropped the letter in, what time did I usually mail it and did I always use the same box," Marsha said.

"I answered his questions without thinking where they would lead."

From what the police had been able to reconstruct from Wall's insane babblings, those questions and answers led to his deciding to hide in that mailbox and rape Marsha the next time she mailed a letter.

According to the authorities, he packed a dozen peanut butter sandwiches, several cans of pork and beans, four dozen hard-boiled eggs and ten six-packs of beer into a bag and crawled into the mailbox.

Wallz waited for about two hours, dodging envelopes dropped in by other people, nibbling eggs and sipping beer.

Finally, the mail slot opened and Wallz caught a sniff of Marsha's perfume.

She said that just as she released the letter, a little hand grabbed her by the wrist.

"I was so surprised that I didn't react fast enough," she said, "and I was jerked halfway into the box before I realized what was happening.

"I tried screaming for help, but when I opened my mouth, he shoved a hard-boiled egg in it.

"Before I could chew the egg and swallow it, he succeeded in pulling me all the way into the box.

"I struggled, but he was too strong and he got me in a scissors grip with his little legs. He squeezed so hard that I couldn't breathe and had to quit fighting."

Marsha added that Wallz then shoved the razor-sharp tab from one of his flip-top beer cans against her throat and warned her to remain quiet.

"He said he'd disfigure me for life if I didn't be good," she said.

"So I just laid there, praying that the struggle had tired him out and he'd fall asleep.

"But it seemed to pep him up."

In between choked sobs, Marsha described what happened next.

She said that Wallz continued holding her with his little legs and quietly sipping the rest of his beer. Then after he had finished, he grabbed her by the hair and kissed her.

"It felt strange kissing his little lips," she said, "and I didn't like it.

"It was like necking with a buttonhole.

"He knotted his little fist in my hair and pulled hard, biting my neck with his little teeth.

"Automatically, I tried pushing him away, but he grabbed my arms with his little hands and held them while he ripped off my clothes with his little toes.

"When he started tugging at my bra, I managed to bite his little knee and that got him mad because he then hit me with his little fist.

"I was dazed by the blow and only vaguely remember him raping me."

But Marsha did recall that after Wallz raped her, he chuckled to himself and leaned back, opening another can of beer and cracking another hard-boiled egg.

"He cracked the egg by hitting me on the head with it," she said. "And when he peeled it, he shoved the pieces of shell in my ear, packing them down with his little finger.

"He did that with several eggs and before long, I was deafened by the shells and couldn't hear when somebody used the mailbox."

Marsha went on to say that Wallz kept raping her and cracking eggs on her head until she lost consciousness.

"The worst part of it was the stink from the eggs, beans and beer," she said.

"It got so bad that I pleaded with him to shove some of the shells in my nose so I couldn't smell it. But he just laughed and raped me again."

But it was that same stench which saved Marsha.

A sharp-nosed postal employee noticed that all the letters from that same box all smelled of beer, beans and hard-boiled eggs. He looked closer at the envelopes and noticed several little footprints made in a peanut butter smudge.

He reported this to his superior who alerted the postal inspectors.

They investigated and discovered Marsha and Wallz under an old mail bag in the bottom of the box.

Wallz was arrested while Marsha was rushed to the hospital.

There, she had her lungs pumped out and her ears cleaned, and was in fair condition.

A few days later, Wallz was charged with 80 counts of rape, one count of abduction and one count of tampering with the mails.

And last week, he pleaded guilty to all the charges.

He was given a two-year suspended sentence on the 80 rape charges and fined $25 for one count of abduction. He was then sentenced to life imprisonment without hope of a parole on the mail tampering charge.

LUSCIOUS RUTH CLARK is another PUTON PRETTY.

HOMO BECOMES AN ABORTIONIST— SO HE CAN CHARGE HIS PATIENTS' BOYFRIENDS SEX INSTEAD OF CASH

Hersch Weinheim was an ugly homosexual who couldn't get a man to pay attention to him.

Then he figured out a perfect way to satisfy himself.

Weinheim became an abortionist and for his fee, he charged the boyfriends of his patients — 12 hours of free sex.

LAURA BRISTOL enjoys sunbathing in the rocks because not many people bother her there.

Weinheim, a 28-year-old hunchback who rang bells in the various churches around Celbeurg, West Germany, said he decided to go gay because all the girls he knew laughed at him.

"They always snickered at me," he told police.

"They would point to my hump and break out in loud gaffaws.

"They chuckled just because my left eye is six inches higher than the right one.

"And they always poked fun at my two-pound upper lip, telling me that it was like kissing a plastic bag full of chittlings.

"Oh, there were dates where I got them drunk and loaded with all kinds of aphrodisiacs, but everytime we got to the bed, they'd start laughing.

"I finally got disgusted and decided to become a homosexual because men had better manners than women."

But Weinheim admitted to the authorities that although the men didn't make fun of him, they did beat him up.

"Everytime I approached a man, he'd rap me in the jaw," he said.

"Even other homosexuals would punch me around. That surprised me because most homos had limp wrists, but I guess when 50 limp-wristed people are hitting you at the same time, it does hurt.

"After three months of that, I didn't know what to do and began thinking of suicide.."

He said he was watching a bunch of gypsies dancing and picking pockets when it suddenly dawned on him that there weren't enough abortionist around.

"I don't know why I thought of it at that particular moment," he said, "but I did.

"In fact, I thought about it all that night and the next morning when I was ringing the bells.

"And by noon, I realized that I wanted to be an abortionist. I wanted to help people and this was a good way of doing it. Charging sex instead of money came later."

Weinheim said that he really didn't know how to get started, so he went to the library and began reading medical text books.

"I must've read 60 books on women, they way they're built and how to treat certain ailments," he recalled.

"Eventually, I figured out how to perform abortions and bought some medical supplies from a store in another town.

"At first, I practiced on balloons until I could get through a whole operation without bursting it.

Then I went to mice and rabbits. Then came cats, dogs and other large animals."

Weinheim said he advertised for patients by sneaking into the ladies' rest rooms in the bars and restaurants and writing his name and phone number on the wall along with a price list for his services.

"In a couple of days, the phone started ringing like crazy," he said, "and I had more business than I ever dreamed of."

He confessed that he set up operations on top of an old cathedral where the bishop was a good friend of his.

All his patients came up the back stairs and none of the church personnel ever knew what was happening. Soon, Weinheim was the most popular abortionist in town, doing up to five operations a week at $200 a piece.

"Girls from all over the area were coming to me," he said. "And they brought their girlfriends who brought their girlfriends which made the business boom.

"It was when I was making so much mony that I realized I could start charging sex for a fee.

"At first, I put that offer up to a pregnant girl. But she started laughing so hard that she aborted herself and not only did I have to bear her sarcastic comments, but I also lost a fee.

"So I started making the same deals with the boyfriends.

"And they didn't laugh. They accepted."

Weinheim admitted that from that point on, he charged sex instead of money whenever he could.

"Most of the time, the guys paid off without any trouble," he said.

"But a few tried getting out of the deal after the abortion was over. So I threatened to tell the world that they had gotten a girl pregnant and then paid for an abortion and they backed down."

For a few months, Weinheim was happy because for the first time in his life he was doing what he wanted and enjoying the fruits of his labor.

"I didn't think anything could disturb my happiness."

But there was something.

A patrolman noticed that there was always lights on in the top of the cathedral at night and he became suspicious.

So he started checking the building and discovered the back door was open. Creeping up the stairs, the policeman heard the faint tinkling of surgical instruments and he knew what was going on up on the top floor.

He went back down and called his superiors, reporting his suspicion. Within minutes six patrol cars came and the cops raced up the stairs and broke down the door.

They caught Weinheim collecting on the first payment from a girl's boyfriend and the cops arrested everybody they could put their hands on.

At the station house, the boyfriend, Hans Reichen, broke down and told police what he had been doing.

Confronted with Reichen's confession, Weinheim finally admitted his part and was charged with lewd pandering and performing an illegal operation.

Reichen was also rapped with being an accessory before and after the fact and his girl, Marthe Dorkfund, was hit with the same charge.

Last week, Reichen and Marthe pleaded guilty and were placed on two years probation.

The next day, Weinheim pleaded guilty to the two charges against him and was sentenced to a three-year term in addition to a two-year rap.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD GIRL IS MADAM OF PROSTI RING

Like most children, Lola Perrie liked candy and riding her tricycle.

But unlike most other four-year-olds, Lola had a job.

She was the boss-madam of a well-organized prostitution ring.

Lola, a child prodigy with the intelligence and passions of a grown woman, became involved in the vice business when her 98-year-old father, Horst, was killed in an automobile accident in Couchville, Ohio.

Since he didn't carry any insurance, he left Lola and her 26-year-old mother, Sally, without any money.

Sally immediately applied for welfare, but because of a technicality, she was refused assistance. Broken in spirit, she burst into tears when she arrived home and explained to Lola she was crying because she was scared of the future.

But the little girl wasn't afraid.

"Instead of crying with me," Sally later told police, "Lola said I should go out and sell my body to make money.

"At first, I was shocked by her comment, but then Lola said that sexual morality was really in the mind of each and every individual and not some written-in-stone pronouncement from above. She also explained that any objection to prostitution was out dated and that all the dogmas of the past were being wiped out with the fresh water of logic, intelligence and the mass rejection of superstition.

"I didn't know what the hell she meant, but it sounded nice.

"So I decided to sell my body.

"But deciding such a thing is a lot different from actually doing it because I didn't know how to get started.

"Again, Lola knew what to do."

Sally said that Lola went and got three comic books from her bedroom. She showed the books to her mother and explained that all three showed how to start a prostitution business without having any prior experience.

"I still didn't understand what I had to do, so Lola decided to run the whole thing," Sally added.

To start off the operation, Lola rode the streets on her tricycle, and pedaling up to a stranger, she asked, "Want to go to bed with my mother, She's nice."

"To my surprise," Sally said, "Lola brought home 16 men the first time she went out.

"And ever since then, she's brought home at least six customers a trip, and she made 42 trips every day.

"Things got so busy that I couldn't handle all the trade so Lola talked my mother, my two grandmothers, four aunts, six female cousins and my effeminate uncle to join the business.

"Within a month. we were averaging $65,938.87 a week apiece, while Lola banked $450,348.98, which was her cut."

But even with all her relatives in the ring, there still were more customers than there were women to handle them.

So Lola began running ads in comic books, looking for fresh young girls. When she got enough answers to her ads, she interviewed the applicants and hired 412 girls to help out.

But a neighbor became suspicious because there were were always some 1,200 men going in and out of Lola's three-room house every night and she called police.

Two vice detectives staked out Lola's tricycle and the next morning, they followed the four-year-old as she pedaled around the city, drumming up business.

After six weeks of following her, they figured that they had a possible case of prostitution and raided the small house, arresting 398 prostitutes, 957 customers and Lola.

When the arrested girls all said that Lola was the brains, the police charged the youngster with being a madam.

They questioned Lola and after the sixth straight day, the girl broke down and admitted her part in the vice ring.

And last July 10, Lola pleaded guilty to the charge and was fined six popsicle wrappers and placed on probation after she promised to turn her organizational genius to legitimate fields.

Lola Perrie burst into tears when she was arrested.

But one vice-cop didn't think Lola was as bright as everyone said.

"If the kid was so smart, how come she never thought of paying off the cops so they would leave her alone?" he asked.

HE SOLD SEX-DOOR TO DOOR

Martin Cowler was a successful door to door brush salesman for years.

Then business went into a slump and he began peddling something else —his body.

Cowler, 32, started selling brushes when he lost his job in a steel mill back in 1959.

"I was broke and nobody would hire me because I had been laid off," he told police.

"So when I had a chance to go to work as a salesman, I jumped at it."

Cowler was a success almost at once.

"I guess I just appeal to women," he said.

As business improved, he started living better by moving into a luxury apartment, buying new cars every year and spending money without caution.

Then last year he hit a slump and the bills piled up faster than he could pay them.

He called on a widow who had just lost her husband.

"I figured she might buy some brushes."

But when he started his pitch for brushes, the widow changed the subject.

She offered to buy him for one hour in bed.

"She said she'd pay me $50 just to make love to her," Cowler admitted.

"That was what I usually made in a whole day of selling.

"So I took her up on it.

"She must have liked it because she then offered to pay me the same once a week.

"It didn't take much thinking to know that I could make five times what I was making selling brushes by selling myself."

Eventually he had a long list of women who paid him for his favors.

But his "business" finally came to a screeching halt when a husband of one of his clients caught them in bed.

The husband, William Peterson, came home early one day and when he spotted Cowler in bed with his wife, Connie, he attacked.

Cowler had to defend himself and both men had a knock-down brawl.

At the station house, Connie broke down and told police what the fight had been about.

She also admitted to paying Cowler to make love.

The charges against her husband were dropped, but Cowler was held, charged with prostitution and pandering.

Last week, he pleaded guilty to the charges and was sentenced to 90 days in jail as well as fined $200.

EVERYBODY'S BAG

different stokes for different folks

One BAG used by many New Yorkers in Greenwich Village is just that A BAG. Made out of black muslin, you can crawl into it by yourself or with a friend and once inside, the top is drawn closed by an attendant who leaves you there until you feel better. The same thing was tried in Cleveland, except a large plastic bag was used. But two people suffocated and the project was dropped.

E.R. from Illinois writes that her BAG is stretching her lower lip. She says: "I used to be shy and could never start a conversation with strangers. That meant I was always alone at parties, sitting in a corner and sipping my drink. Then I happened to see a movie on TV about how some African women stretched their lips and I knew this would be a good way to start a conversation. So I decided to try it on myself by starting off with little round piece of wood which I stuck in the natural hole in my lip. I kept increasing the discs until my lip now hangs below my chin. And it has worked wonders with my social life because people are interested in seeing just how long it'll be and keep inviting me to parties where they weigh and measure it."

BAG OF THE WEEK, This see-through wedding gown makes a tantalizing bag,

THE NATIONAL PUTON PRESS

A very strange BAG is used by A.G. of New York City. He writes: "My THING is reading and enjoying all of LBJ's speeches. Being a professor of political science, I know that his speeches are dull, full of platitudes and sound more like the uttering of a high school debater than of the chief executive. But they make me feel good, mostly because I didn't write them, and I think they're a wonderful cure for insomnia."

TELL US ABOUT YOUR BAG OR THING
by writing to:
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We reserve the right to edit or reject any letter and will turn over to the proper authorities any obscene material received. Please do not enclose photos or any valuable items as we can not assume responsibility for their return.

Mrs. T. J. of Newark, N.J., doesn't have a BAG of her own, but she does tell one on her husband, Dominick. She claims he refuses to shave his beard until Eugene V. Debs is released from prison. "Normally, I would care," she adds, "but he won't believe me when I tell him that Debs was paroled last year."

PAMELA WILSON likes statues almost as much as sculptors.

PAINTS BRIDGE

Dianne Johnson, 17, never liked the dark green color of a bridge near her White River Junction, Vt., home.

So she did something about it.

Dianne painted it pink and added red and blue hearts.

Arrested, she was charged with painting it and in court last August 21, she pleaded no contest.

She was fined $25 and court costs.

EXPOSING THE CONSUMER PUTONS

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Nobody is a bigger victim of the puton than the American consumer. He is lied to by the Advertising. He is sold shoddy, over-priced goods backed by worthless guarantees. He is conned by the food packers and retailers and he is taken from the time he gets up in the morning until he drops on the bed at night, exhausted from working two jobs to keep up the payments.

This column will be devoted to exposing these frauds and it will warn the consumer what to look out for so he can avoid being a victim of the big puton.

•

For instance, many adults in this country are concerned about their future and are worried that automation will take their jobs away. So they are perfect prey for the phony adult education schools.

These outfits promise a lot but seldom deliver. They say they'll train you so that you can command twice the money you're now making and be able to get a job anyplace in the country. In fact, they guarantee to find that ideal position for you.

But some of these schools use obsolete equipment and outdated methods so that the training you receive is almost useless. And even if the school does have a somewhat up-to-date program, those jobs they brag about don't always materialize. Many of these students have had to settle for spots paying much less than they were promised and had to hustle up the jobs themselves. So before you pay any money and sign any contracts, check the school out with your local Better Business Bureau or with the nearest Chamber of Commerce.

•

Another gimmick to look out for is the phony referral pitch. This has been used by book companies, finance and home improvement concerns and many government consumer fraud agencies have warned against it

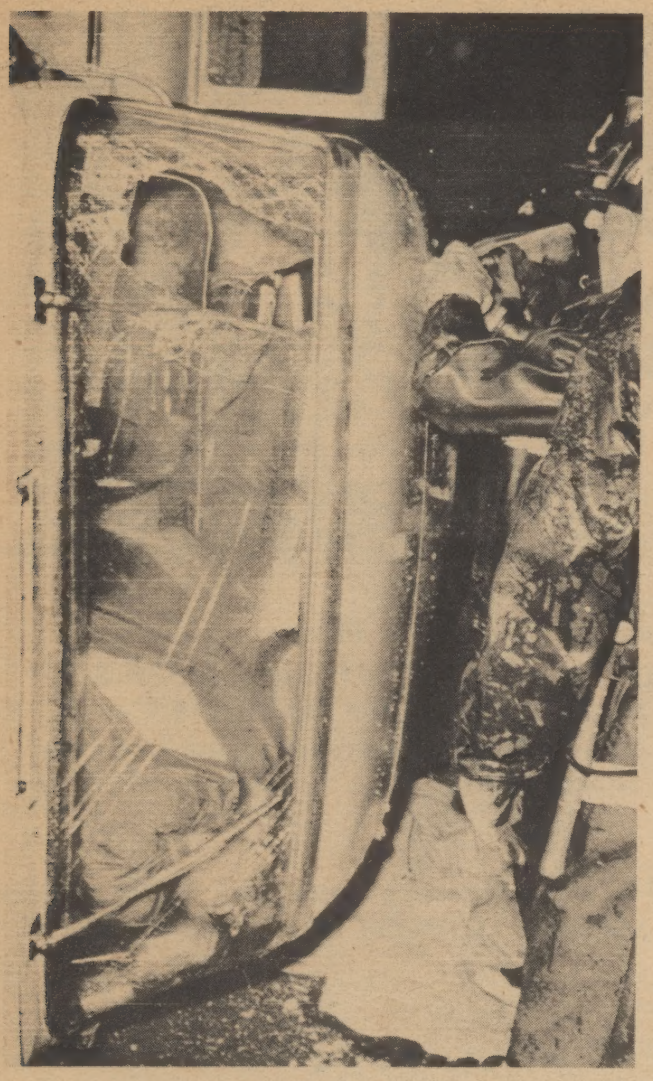
It is usually worked when a salesman wants you to sign a sales contract. To get you to put your name on the dotted line, he'll promise to get you a discount or reduced monthly payments if you give him a list of people whomight buy from him. For every sale he makes from that referral list, he'll give you a percentage. The pitch ends with him telling you that if enough people buy, you might get the item for nothing.

The trouble is that those discounts or percentages never happen. No matter how many of your friends would buy from the same salesman, you would never get a thing from it.

So anytime a salesman throws you a referral pitch, run for the nearest exit

•

The government has banned the use of bithionol in cosmetics because it can make the skin sensitive to sunlight. Check your medicine cabinet and if any of your wife's podwers or creams contain bithionol, throw themout . . . Kids don't know it but freon gas found cocktail glass chillers is dangerous when mixed with cigarette smoke. And it can be fatal.



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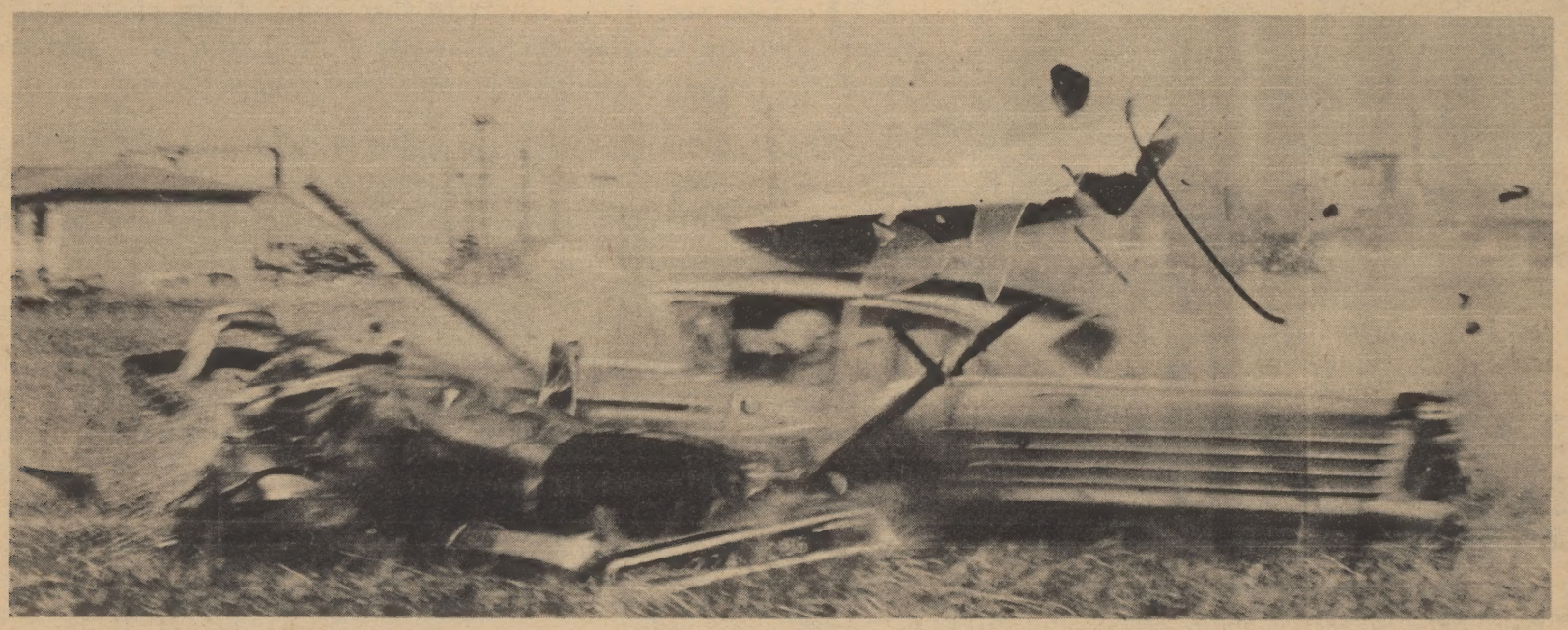
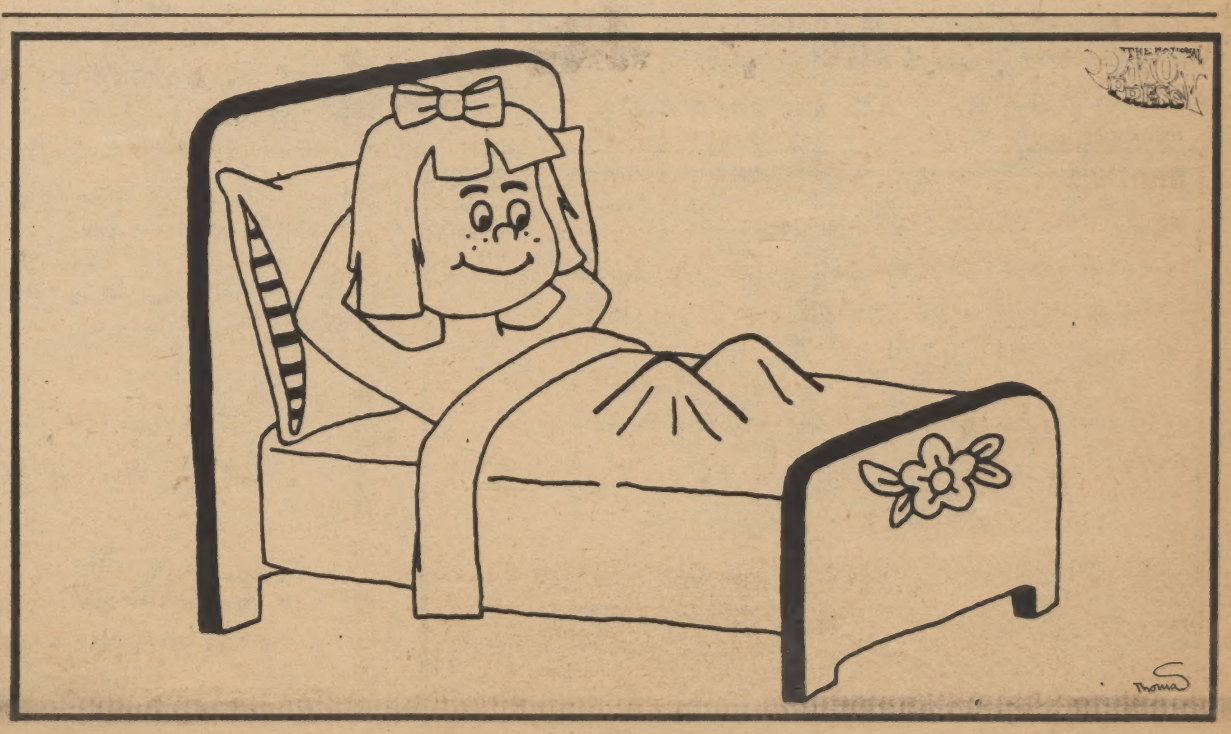


SEAT BELTS ARE IMPORTANT . . . as witnessed by this photo of stuntman MICHEL NORMAN driving an American made car right through a CITROEN. NORMAN'S speed was 106 mph and the impact caused the CITROEN to literally burst apart. He was unhurt because of his seat belt . . . BUT WHAT IF SOMEONE HAD BEEN IN THE OTHER CAR.

As a public service, **PUTON PRESS** will periodically run stories and pictures of automobile accdents in the hope that these photos will make someone think twice before they stamp down on the gas pedal.

Watch out for the other guy!



2001: A SPACE ODYESSEY

. . . a must-movie for the art lover as well as the theatre buff.

by Dow Winston

Man hasn't lived long enough to have created the right kind of vocabulary which is needed to describe the visual and emotional impact of 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Stanley Kubrick, the rebel producer-director who also has given us DR. STRANGELOVE, LOLITA and the critically acclaimed PATHS OF GLORY, should win every award around for his technique in integrating color, motion and music into a supurb blending of action and beauty which should rank with Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Picasso, and Rodin in sheer creative power. And the sequence where the hero is chasing a monolith around the moons of Jupiter will surely become a textbook illustration for future makers on how to make a startling yet satisfying comment on the unknown. In fact, the entire flick should be viewed and heard many, many times just like any great painting deserves to be seen time and time again

The theme, although not unique, is handled in a realistic way and Kubrick leaves the audience to fill in the minor points as he presents Life Eternal, the infinite universe which has no beginning and no end, in such a manner that it comes pounding home like a pneumatic hammer. Still, the experience is one of pleasure — and pride as mankind is presented not as an insignificant blob lost in the vastness of space but as an important piece of the cosmic machinery very confident that he is of the universe and kin to and the viewer feels tremendously exhilarated and all life no matter how alien it may seem.

The importance of his superiority over his own inventions, as illustrated by the hero's battle with a murderous computer, adds to the youthful optimism of the space age that although we still have to grow to catch up with some of the worlds already stretched beyond our grasp, we will do it.

2001:A SPACE ODYSSEY is a great work of art that expands the consciousness and flexes the imagination.

DON'T MISS IT!

CHOCKEY'S CHOICES

NEW YORK

BUCK RUN ..... fast moving
GOLDEN OR ..... likes winning
YES SIR ..... will hustle
DOLLAR SIGN ..... due for big one
GALLANT BLOOM ..... can do

CALIFORNIA

SEA LIFE ..... high stepper
FLORICA ..... is ready
GRETA ..... overdue
SMART ARC ..... ready and willing
MIRINAQUE ..... new trainer

OHIO

BEAU TINO ..... always near front
MISS BAD NEWS ..... will surprise
TRANENT ..... don't miss out
CANIRIS ..... likes to run
ONE BAR ..... seems fit

ILLINOIS

CASH CUSTOMER ..... hot shot
MR. E. W. ..... watch
RED HOLME ..... quick to break
TICCOJOE ..... will hustle
ERNIE'S BOY ..... speedy

KENTUCKY

BABOONA ..... very fast
VERA'S REQUEST ..... good chance
RED RIP ..... soon to click
KIP'S DOLL ..... take this one
TOP GUARANTEE ..... go for.

MICHIGAN

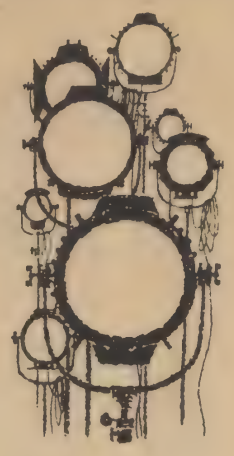
WILD WALTER ..... looms big
MAC'S HOBBY ..... good stretcher
HARBOR ISLAND ..... stick close
ROSEBERRY ..... flashy
CAVANWILL ..... worth following

THIS ISSUE'S
PUTON PRETTY

GERRY GRAHAM

THE NATIONAL PUTON PRESS

TV AND HOLLYWOOD PUTON



David Jinkson punched John Dwayne in the nose at the same time James Girder rapped Steve McJack in the eye while Dean Marlin socked Robert Mutcher at a prayer breakfast the other day. Also in the party was Efreem Zingalong Jr., kicking and biting Jimmy Stewed and Mickey Gooney, who flipped Don Dadams on top of the table where Doris Gay and Johnny Kerson were having a little orgy. Kerson lost his head and slammed Gooney into Phyliss Tiller who judo chopped the little man across the bridge of his nose, breaking his two front teeth and his "I'm Bigger Than I Look" button. Bob Lope then began beating Ronnie Rugan with his wallet, giving him a concusion and a cauliflower ear while Kim Novtony kept drinking campagne out of Richard Flirton's shoe, making her date for the breakfast, Joey Pawn, so furious he bit chairman Paul Oldman's leg. Oldman, who instituted the prayer breakfasts because he needed the money, said that it was a typical, if not-too-eventful meeting, but he hopes they will improve.

One of the biggest stars in Hollywood is a man you've seen hundreds of times but can never remember his name. He is that character actor without whom the stars couldn't make a buck, and he is in so much demand that he made almost $40,000,000 last year, doing nothing but walk on parts. His name is Harby Herbst, but don't feel sorry for him. Because no one can remember his name, Harby hasn't paid a cent of income tax for the last 12 years.

Watchout for a new starlet, Gina LaGoinantianaiolinioli from Austria. Gina has made 34 nudies so far and has been promised by producer Sam Plaza that he will put film in the camera for the next one.

DOTS AROUND THE WORLD . . .

Nebraska Jo Talbit, ex-heavy champ, plans to star in a movie about a bellhop who is such a good fighter that a manager sees him and the two of them go up the ladder of success until the night of the championship fight when the manager sells him out to gamblers only to have a change of heart in the last round and helps the bellhop knock out the champ. At least, Neb Jo is original in his concepts, but we're afraid that Hollywood isn't ready for his unusual talents . . . Speaking of creative people, writer Hack Starling plans to do a script about a bunch of college kids who need money to pay for an operation of a housemother and decide to put on a Broadway show to get it. Once again, we're happy to see creative people in the movies, but we're afraid that Hollywood moneymen may not understand these unusual ideas . . . Sandra Gee has told us that she and her husband, Babby Darrow, are expecting their 28th. We're glad to see this Filmland marriage taking effect . . . Sally Meadows was busted by the fuz for suckng on acid cubes the other night, but Sally didn't try to apolizige for it. She admitted that her TV show, "High Sister," is bugging the hell out of her and she resorted to the cubes to relax. But she relaxed so much that a police helicopter had to snag her for flying without the proper lights.

HE TAUGHT HIS SON TO STEAL BICYCLES

TEN-YEAR-OLD HARRY STICKMAN

Stickman said the stealing came about when he was driving through a strange neighborhood near his Pitkin, Calif., home.

"I was amazed at how many bikes were just laying around the streets," he said.

"And I started figuring how much money each one would bring if a smart person stole them.

"It totaled quite a bit and I decided to do it."

But stickman was worried that it would look suspicious if a grown man was seen pedalling around on a bicycle and it was then he decided to use his 10-year-old son, Harry.

"I figured Harry could walk up and down the streets until he spotted a bike and then cope it," he said.

And it worked.

Within a week, Stickman was clearing $200 from his part-time racket and was thinking about becoming a fulltime Fagin.

But he began thinking that someone would notice that he wasn't working and get suspicious. So he kept his job as floor sweeper in a tool and die factory, and let Harry do the actual stealing.

Stickman said that to sell the bikes, he ran ads in various newspapers around the area.

"I had to do it this way," he said, "because I didn't know any fences."

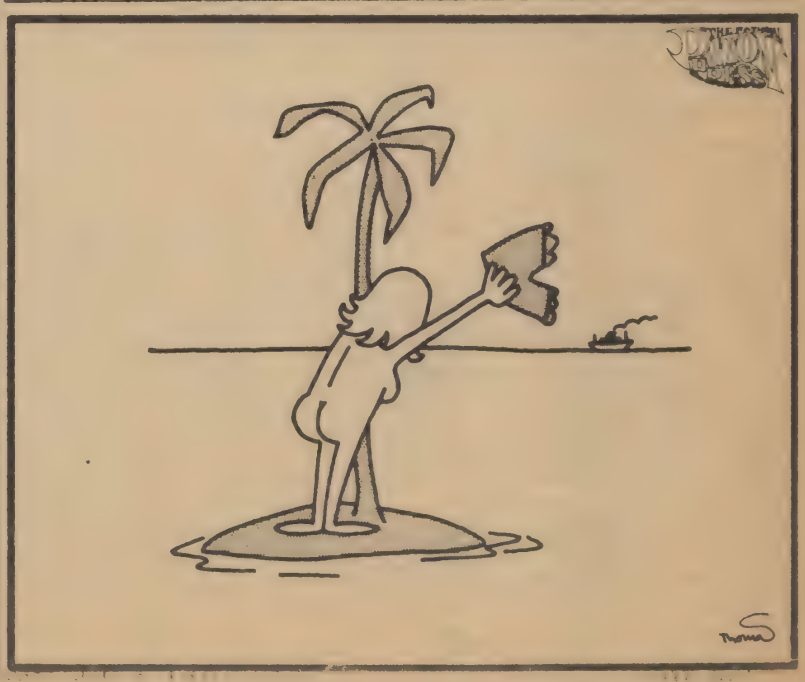
But that method of disposing of the stolen goods is what led to Stickman's arrest.

One of the people who answered his ad happened to be the father of the boy from whom the bike was stolen.

Recognizing his son's bike, the father left and called police who arrested Stickman.

He admitted everything and last week pleaded guilty to the charges of contributing to the delinquency of a minor and grand theft, bicycle.

He was given a five-year term and his son, Harry, was sent to a foster home.



A NO PUTON SPECIAL

Police Say:
HE ACCIDENTLY SHOT HIS WIFE WHILE USING HER AS A SHIELD

GOODWIN allegedly held his wife, Mickey, a hostage for several hours.

Police say that Richard Goodwin, 28, was being sought on an assault charge after he allegedly held two men captive at gunpoint.

But when they went to arrest him at his brother's Sanford, Maine, home, Goodwin reportedly grabbed his 25-year-old wife, Mickey, and held her hostage.

The authorities added that he held the pistol to his wife's head for several hours before he consented to an interview with a television reporter.

But when he headed toward the camera, taking her with him, he tripped and his gun went off, reportedly wounding his wife in the neck.

The police opened fire and shot down Goodwin.

Both were rushed to the hospital where Mickey died a short time later. Goodwin recovered and was charged with murder.

RICHARD GOODWIN is handcuffed after he was cut down by police fire.

GROUP OF BIRD WATCHERS TURNS OUT TO BE A PEEPING TOM CLUB

Candlestick Hollow is a wooded area near Samsonville, Okla., and it is a favorite spot for nature lovers as it is loaded with all sorts of wildlife.

But a few weeks ago, the police were surprised to discover that one large group of bird watchers which showed up every Saturday weren't looking for their feathered friends.

They were peeping Toms and were spying on the teenagers who also use the hollow for a necking area.

The police who patrol the park area are used to seeing people wandering around with binoculars around their necks and chattering to one another about which bird or animal they had just spotted.

"Usually, these people don't cause any problem at all," said the park police chief, Howard K. Karnack.

"Oh, occasionaly one of them will fall out of a tree while tralking down a bird's nest or will silp off a cliff because they're too busy looking around to watch where they're going.

"But most of the time, the groups are well ordered and don't bother anyone.

"And that's one reason why we never suspected the peepers as anything but bird watchers."

The Peeping Toms, all 12 of them, later admitted to being members of the same club which was dedicated to watching other people in the act of sex.

"We joined together to avoid getting in trouble," said the leader, Melvin Borhman.

"While most of us would be looking, several members always were on the watch for the police or anyone who happened by.

"If the cops showed up we just turned our glasses to a clump of trees and no one suspected us.

"But we all got carried away this last time and nobody was looking out."

What happened was that the peepers were so engrossed in watching one particular young couple that they failed to notice another couple walking toward the necking grounds.

When the youth, Albert Smith, 18, saw that the men were staring down into the bushes and laughing, he crept back to get some buddies of his.

Rounding up ten more youths, they all went back to where the peeping toms were watching and attacked.

"Those kids really jumped those preverts," Chief Karnack said.

"The peepers put up a fight, but the kids really knocked them around.

"In fact, six of them ended up in the hospital with broken ribs, busted jaws and concussions while the other six were treated for various cuts and bruises.

"But all 12 were arrested and charged."

Last August 22, all 12 men pleaded guilty to the charges of lewd behavior and were given one year in jail.

The sentence was then suspended on the condition that all the men seek psychiatric aid.

Wife Swapping Party Ends In Riot When He Got Stuck With Own Wife

Usually, the guests who attended parties at James Culick's house went home quite satisfied and looking forward to the next one.

They were so pleased because everyone played "Switch" and slept with each other's wives.

But the last get-together erupted in a riot when Culick went berserk — because he got stuck with his own wife.

These wild wife-swap parties began when Culick, 38, and his 32-year-old wife, Elsie, visited a couple they knew in New York City.

"Actually, wife swapping was something we just heard about back here in Indiana," he later told police.

"But we got a little high on the dinner wine and before we knew what was happening, the host took off all his clothes and was running around the apartment, ringing his collection of Swedish bells to the tune of 'Oh, Come All Ye Faithful.'

"As soon as he started tinkling the bells, people started streaming in through the front door, ripping off their own clothes and laughing.

"Elsie and me got caught up in the hysteria and the next thing I remember, everybody was naked and staring at a pile of ladies shoes in the middle of the living room floor.

"The host explained that all the men picked a shoe and we were to sleep with the lady who owned it.

"Both Elsie and me had such a wonderful time that we agreed to try wife-swapping when we got back home."

And the first weekend after arriving back in Murryby the Wabash, they threw a party in their house and invited all their friends.

"At first, nobody wanted to go along with swapping their wives," Culick said, "but after I told them what fun it was and described some of the scenes we had in New York, they started to think about it.

"And when they finished some more of my homemade Hoosier peach brandy, all of them said they were willing to give it the old try.

"We had a wild time and I found out that orgies in Indiana are more fun than the ones in New York.

"I guess that's because there is something about a good, old fashioned, midwest orgy that you can't find anywhere else.

"Oh, a few of my guests felt a little guilty, but for the most part, everybody had a great scene. And to ease the guilt feelings, I told them to throw in an extra dollar in the colection plate every Sunday, and to pay more attention to the invocation at the next lodge meeting.

"My suggestions worked and the next time we had a party, all of them showed up, bringing another couple with them.

"I guess the strangest thing about the orgies was that once they were started, I, like most of my neighbors, stopped going to the Klan meetings and not once was a Negro lynched or beaten.

"I even bought some Israeli bonds and kicked off a drive which brought quite a bit of money.

"Everything was so perfect that I didn't think anything could disturb our lives."

But there was something that could destroy and disturb and it happened at the last party.

"I had this thing going with a neighbor's wife who always wore pink orthopedic shoes," Culick confessed.

"And I ayways knew what shoes were hers.

"Well, what happened was that I grabbed the first pink Enna Jetick I could find, thinking it was hers."

But it wasn't.

Unknown to him, Culick's wife had happened to purchase a pair of similar shoes that day, and she wore them to the party.

Not knowing he had his wife's shoe, he went over to the neighbor wife and claimed her. But he was met by the milkman who also had a pink shoe.

An argument ensued and to prove which shoe was which, Elsie tried on the pink one Culick had.

It fit perfectly.

Then she tried the shoe the milkman had and it was too small.

Culick was stuck with his wife for the night.

"When I realized that," he said, "something snapped.

"All the anticipation of spending the night with her blew up inside my skull and I guess I just went nutty."

Culick hit the milkmen and knocked him down. The milkman's wife then attacked Culick and Elsie had to knock her out with the pink shoe. From that point on, people took sides in the argument and everybody started punching it up.

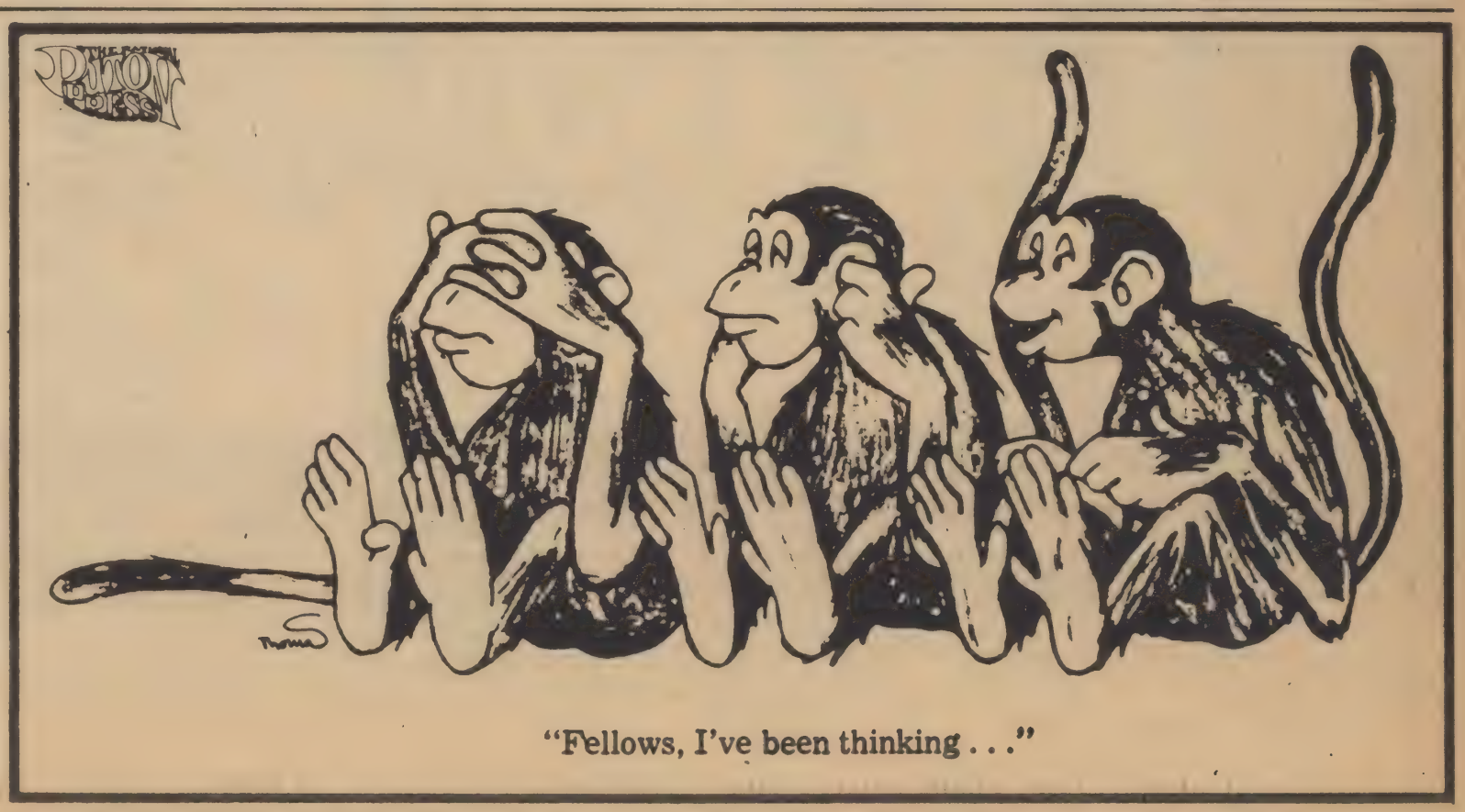
A neighbor called police and they arrived in six patrol cars.

Eventually, they broke up the fight and arrested Culick, charging him with running an illegal orgy.

Last week, he pleaded guilty and received a suspended sentence of five months. But the judge then found him guilty of contempt of court—because Culick never invited him—and gave Culick a term of five to ten years in the state prison.

Elsie said that she was going to sue for divorce and stop shopping at that shoe store.

"If a gal doesn't watch her figure, men won't either."



"Fellows, I've been thinking . . ."

Bride Kills Hubby--Because He Wanted Her To Sleep With Dad

A bride's honeymoon night is supposed to be one of beauty, tenderness and love.

But to Bunny Wrunkle it was a night of terror and death.

For her new husband forced her to sleep with his father and when she objected, he attacked her with one of his second-hand pistols.

But the pistol went off and accidently killed him making Bunny a widow before she was really a bride.

Bunny, a 48-year-old librarian, first met her future husband, Hans, at the Cardova, Neb., library where she worked. Wrunkle had come in to seize several obscene books, and Bunny immediately feel in love with him. she said, "that I couldn't resist him.

"And he felt the same way about me because he asked me to be his date for the book burning party that night.

"Once I got a look at Hans in the light of the book-fire, I knew I was in love."

They had several dates before Hans asked Bunny to marry him and join the ladies' auxiliary of the local branch of Hate Mongers and Protectors of the Country's Morals Society.

She accepted both offers and they were married in a military wedding during one of the club's meetings.

"It was thrilling," she said. "Getting married to Wagner's music always moved me and walking under a saber arch really added the perfect touch.

"It was so wonderful that I didn't mind the blood dripping from the sabers and staining my dress."

But that night wasn't so wonderful.

As soon as they got to their apartment Hans introduced his 89-ye:r-old father, Heinrich, and said that it was family custom for the new brides to sleep with the oldest male member.

"I was shocked and refused," Bunny said.

"But Hans drew his secondhand pistol, the one that was autographed by Goering and threatened me with it.

"I grabbed for the pistol and we struggltd.

"Then it went off, and Hans dropped to the floor."

Bunny called the police and Hans was rushed to the hospital where he died a few hours later.

But after the police heard her story, she was released with no charge being brought against her. And a few days later, a coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide.

CLEO SIMMONS likes to relax in unusual places.

MENTAL PATIENTS FORCED TO BE VICTIMS OF SADISTS

The Poperinge Hospital for the Mentally Ill specialized in caring for the poor, the unwanted and others who couldn't afford the private hospitals or couldn't be admitted to the crowded state homes.

But officials learned that Poperinge specialied in something else — sadistic sex.

For the hospital rented out the mentally sick people to sadists to use for their twisted sexual thrills.

Poperinge began operations in 1949 and catered to the patinets no other hospitals could or would take.

Supported by a trust fund set up by millionaire's will, the Belgium hospital ran in the red from the very beginning.

But it was a needed operation.

"The hospital was God sent," said one official.

"There are so many people who need help and so few places where they can find it.

"Poperinge filled that void and many people were cured and sent home because of early treatment."

Then Poperinge was sold in 1960.

Henry and Marcella Vitum, then both 40, took over operations when the money ran out from the trust fund.

The Vitums assured people that they weren't going to change the hospital policy and because of their supposed dedication to helping the unfortunate, no one really bothered to check their credentials.

If they had, they would have discovered that the Vitums were well known in southern France where they ran a brothel in Cauterets.

But no one checked and the Vitums started business.

"At first," Marcella admitted to police, "we figured on just turning the home into a regular brothel like the one we had before being shut down.

"Then we hit upon the idea of renting out the more passive patients to sadists.

"We knew that plenty of men would pay high prices to be able to beat someone who couldn't complain to the police.

"And we knew that the patients couldn't make noise because no one would believe them.

"So we put the word out through various channels and waited for the money to roll in."

And it did.

Within a year, the Vitums were making almost $1,000 a night from the sadistic men who used their patients.

"We kept everything on the safe side, though," Marcella said.

"Wenever a man rented a patient, one of us was always there to make sure that he didn't go too far.

"And we also had several doctors who liked money more than ethics to treat the patients afterwards.

"Everything seemed perfect."

For almost seven years, their sadist brothel operated without anyone knowing about it.

Then it ended.

One of their clients, identified as William Honor from London, England, went too far and beat a patient to death.

When Honor got carried away with beating a patient with his bare hands, Henri Vitum jumped in.

But he was knocked unconscious by Honor and when he came to, the Englishman was gone and the patient, 56-year-old Maria Petrie, was dead. She had been beaten to a pulp by Honor.

The Vitums figured on covering up the death in the same manner as before — by having one of their doctors sign a phony death certificate.

But the doctors all said no.

They were willing to treat the patients and not say anything, but signing a false death certificate was too much.

The Vitums threatened to expose the doctors, but their threats didn't work.

So they forged the signature and registered it.

But the clerk in charge of death certificates became suspicious of the signature and contacted the doctor.

When he said he hadn't signed anything, the clerk went to police who dug up the body and examined it.

The cornor testified that the patient had been beaten to death and had not died from heart disease as the certificate had claimed.

Then, one doctor, Marcel Gutten, became worried and confessed to the police what had been going on at the mental home.

The Vitums were arrested and charged with murder.

To avoid the charge, they both confessed and police began looking for Honor.

But the Vitums were charged with being accessories and with running a brothel.

And last March 7, they pleaded guilty and were sentenced to 25 years in prison.

Honor is still being sought by the police.

And the Poperinge mental home was taken over by the state so that the patients could still be treated.

Sometimes, PUTON PRETTY BRITT OLSEN wonders if she should let herself really go.

RAN OVER BY A BATHTUB ON A DOWNTOWN STREET

A person who has been run down while waiting to cross a busy intersection isn't really news.

But what happened to Marian Townes is.

Marian, a 32-year-old cocktail waitress, was run over by a bathtub.

The tub, which had wheels, was used in a high school fraternity convention last August 20 in Hamilton. Canada.

The following day, someone got into the tub and drove it down a hotel parking ramp and right into Marian.

She had been waiting to cross the street when the tub slammed into her from behind.

She was tossed to the ground and suffered a bruised leg as well a quite a shock.

"Have you ever been thrown to the street, then looked up to see a bathtub beside you?" she asked.

The tub driver, whose identity was never released, was charged with being a common nuisance.

"Give me a hand."

He Liked Two Things...

PUTTING ON DRESSES —AND RAPING GIRLS

Gerald Colworth was a man who preferred looking and being accepted as a woman.

And for the past three years, he lived as a girl, worked as a secretary in an insurance office and had even dated men several times.

But Colworth was still a man and he proved it by raping at least 12 women.

According to his relatives, Colworth had always been more natural dressed as a girl.

"Jerry always went out in a feminine costume on Haloween," his aunt, Mrs. Edna Flack, said.

"And he always wore his hair long even before that style caught on with the other teenagers.

"We used to laugh about it, but we never thought he'd actually move away and live like a woman."

But that is exactly what Colworth did.

As soon as he got out of high school, he left his hometown of Lansing, Mich., and traveled to Glenco where he got an apartment and looked for a job.

His landlady in Glenco thought she had rented the place to a married couple because she spotted Colworth dressed both as a woman and as a man. She never knew that it was the same person until the police arrested him.

Posing as a girl, the 19-year-old Colworth got a job in a large insurance agency by using the references of a girl he knew back home, Susan Painter. And no one in the office ever caught on.

"Suzy, I mean Colworth was just like one of us," said Terri Samuels, one of the secretaries who shared an office with him.

"I used to fix him up with my boyfriend's buddies whenever I could and all the guys thought he was terrific.

"So, I was really shocked when I found out the true story because I always thought men like that were homosexuals."

And that was one factor that accounted for Colworth getting away with his perverted rampage for so long. Most of the victims never knew they had been raped by a man. They assumed a strong lesbian with a funny build had attacked them.

Dr. Arnold Tessle, the police psychiatrist who examined Colworth after his arrest, offered this explanation: "What many people don't know is that a lot of transvestites, men who dress as women, still want female bed partners and don't practice homosexuality at all.

"Colworth was one of these people. He liked being accepted as a female and he liked making love to females."

From what police have been able to piece together from Colworth's rambling confession is that he first started raping when he was picked up by a lesbian who had no idea he was really a man.

Colworth said he went home with the lesbi, thinking it would be a great joke when she discovered what he was.

He got carried away with his excitement and when the woman found out he was a man, he raped her.

And for the next four months, he prowled the ladies' rest rooms of theatres, taverns, restaurants and department stores, picking out his victims and following them when they left.

"We figure he must have raped about ten or 12 women," said Police Lt. Parker Simpson.

"He admitted to that many, and we believe him.

"Of course, we only have a few complaints on record, but one was enough to get him off the street.

That one assault happened last month when he attacked a 33-year-old bar maid, Ella Zakinski.

But Ella had been use to handling rough customers before and when Colworth grabbed her in an alleyway behind the bar where she worked, she fought back.

Catching him by surprise, Ella knocked him back and whipping off her shoe, split the side of his face open.

"I hang around the bar," Ella later said.

"And I was pretty surprised when the cops later told me that she was a he."

After she had knocked Colworth unconscious, Ella went back into the tavern and called the police.

They came with an ambulance and took Colworth to the hospital. It was there, his true sex was discovered.

But the beating had done something to Colworth's mind and he acted strangely when he came to, babbling about his rapes

Examined by a psychiatrist, he was determined to be insane and was committed to a mental hospital by a court order.

Good Samaritan Saves Girl So He Can Rape Her Himself

A stranger saved Maggie Hillmin from two teenage toughs when they tried to assault her.

But that Good Samaritan didn't turn out to be so good after all.

When he got Maggie alone, he raped her three times.

Her problems started when the 30-year-old Maggie was coming home from a late movie.

In an alleyway next to her Toland, N.M., apartment house two youths suddenly jumped out of the shadows and grabbed Maggie.

"They took me completely by surprise," she later told police, "and before I knew what was happening, they started dragging me into the alley.

"I screamed and put up a fight and a passing car slammed on its breaks."

Maggie went on to say that the motorist jumped out of his car and dashed over to where the youths were fighting with her.

"He started punchingthem, kicking, and throwing them around," she said.

"And within a couple of minutes, both of them took off running as fast as they could.

"Naturally I was grateful and I invited him to my apartment so he could clean up and have a 'thank you' drink.

"But I had no idea he had saved me for himself."

Maggie said that the stranger, later identified as Norbert Wolicky, acted like the perfect gentlemen at first.

After he washed his hands, he accepted a drink and they sat around talking. Then he had another drink and moved closer to Maggie on the sofa.

Suddenly, he grabbed her by the hair and began ripping off her clothes. She said she tried screaming, but he clamed one of his hands over her mouth and her shouts for help could only echo inside her own head.

"I lost consciousness," she said, "and when I came to, I was on the floor, naked and bruised.

"He was sitting on the sofa, sipping a drink and smiling at me in a frightening way.

"Then he finished his drink, threw the glass against the wall and started coming toward me again.

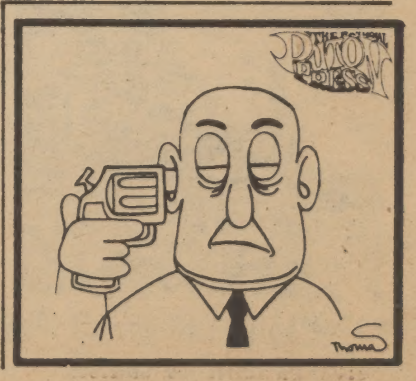
"He was so crazy that I passed out."

Maggie said that the next time she came to, she was alone and Wolicky was gone. She called the police who rushed her to the hospital where it was determined she had been raped at least three different times.

From her description, the police were able to pull a mug shot of Wolicky, who had a record for grand larceny, and Maggie identified the picture as the man who assualted her.

He was arrested and charged with three counts of rape.

And last week, he pleaded guilty to all three counts and was sentenced to life imprisonment.



Finally....

Scientist To Explore The Snoring Problem

Wives will be blad to hear that someone is finally doing something about snoring.

Dr. Marcus H. Boulware, a professor of speech pathology at Tennessee A & I University, has received grants from the Carnegie Foundation to de research on snore control.

He said that about one out of every eight persons snores and that they are unpopular in marriage beds, in college dormitories and in Army barracks.

The professor also admits to being a one-time "inveterate snorer," but said that he has been able to ease off to become just a "controlled snorer."

But he added that the problem is really not a laughing matter — as many a sleepy housewife will attest to.

STUDENTS RIOT BECAUSE THERE'S NOT ENOUGH ICE IN THEIR COKES

CONTINUED FROM BACK PAGE

But the wedges of authority were diven back by 20 students flashing "J. Edgar Hoover Sleeps With a Nightlight" buttons which reflected the six laser beams a divinity student had purchased from a mail order house.

The beams burned into the police, cooking their brains in their skulls.

Regrouping outside, the police tried once again to batter their way in, but once they were driven back by the searing beams of light.

Then the policeman in charge, Lt. John Beaterman, asked the mayor for permission to use nightsticks on the students.

"Since about 100 of my men were already dead from those laser beams, I figured we should be able to fight back a little," he said.

"I even offered to wrap the sticks in cotton so as not to raise too big of a welt."

PREMISSION to use artillery was finally granted.

Hiding behind one of the campus trees, National Guardsmen plan how to take the snack bar held by the students.

But permission to be brutal was refused and in desperation, the university called in the National Guard.

When the green-suited Guardsmen showed up, the students really went wild.

Three thousand of them stormed the ROTC building and passed out ammunition to the other students.

And when the Guardsmen, who were equipped with soft rubber bayonets on their empty rifles, advanced, the students opened up with mortars, machine guns and small arms fire.

The army men were ripped to shreds by the heavy barrage and fell back, causing the city officials to realize that they had to pull out all the stops if they expected to end the uprising.

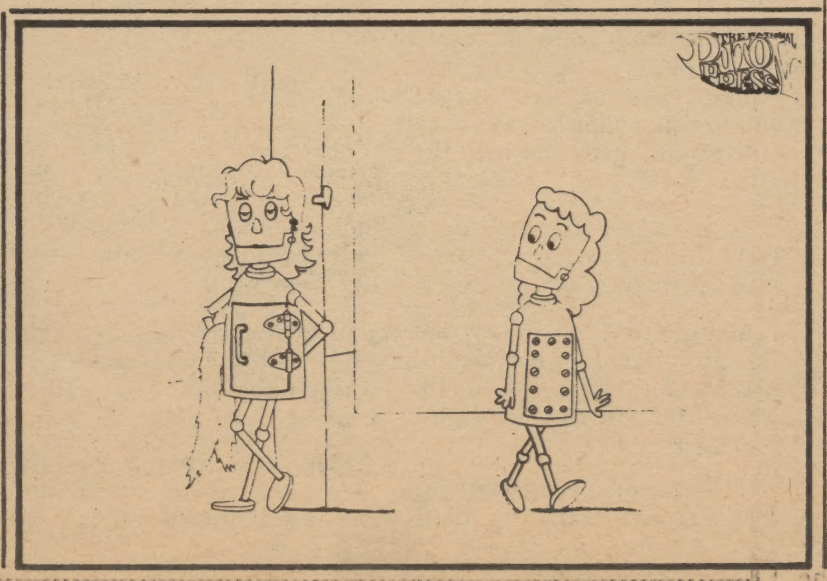
So the mayor gave permission to the police to use the nightsticks, if they were wrapped in a lot of cotton batting.

When that tactic failed, the governor was advised of the situation and he gave the National Guard permission to load their rifles, hit the students with artillery and threw in a couple of air strikes for good measure.

Within several hours of the first bombardment, the students ran up a white flag and said they were now ready to tell the school officials what their demands were.

Eventually, that first concession led to others as the various leaders of the riot agreed to stop fighting if the dean would grant amnesty to all the students and charge the police, the National Guard, the mayor, the governor and the entire state senate with brutality.

The dean agreed and the campus finally got back to normal, especially after the ice machine was fixed when someone stuck its plug back into the wall.



SYBIL SPEAKS ON SEX ....

Dear Sybil:

I love my wife and will put up with just about anything to keep her. However, lately she has me worried. She has started wearing my clothes, smokes my cigars and is currently trying to grow a mustache. As I said, Sybil, I love her and need her. Can you help!

Worried Hubby.

Dear Hubby:

Yes, I can. Tell her to rub a mixture of vinegar and endive on her upper lip for a week straight and she'll grow a heavy, black mustache within a month.

Dear Sybil:

When we were first married, my husband and I agreed that he would name all the girls and I would name all the boys. This sounded like a good arrangement and I went along with it.

But now I'm wondering.

We have had three girls and he named them all Adolph.

I normally wouldn't care except for that fact that whenever I call one Adolph, the wrong girl answers. My husband finds this funny and since I'm pregnant again, he's hoping for another girl so he can name her Adolph, too.

What do you think?

Confused Mom.

Dear Confused Mom:

My first lover's name was Adolph Adolpho and I think it's a beautiful name. Why don't you call your girls Adolph I, Adolph II and Adolph III? That way they'll know which one you want.

Dear Sybil:

My boyfriend says he needs a lot of sex and when I get tired, he thinks it's all right to sleep with my sister, my elderly aunt and my effeminate brother. Since they don't mind, should I complain? Or should I be glad that it's that it's my relatives who are picking up the slack?

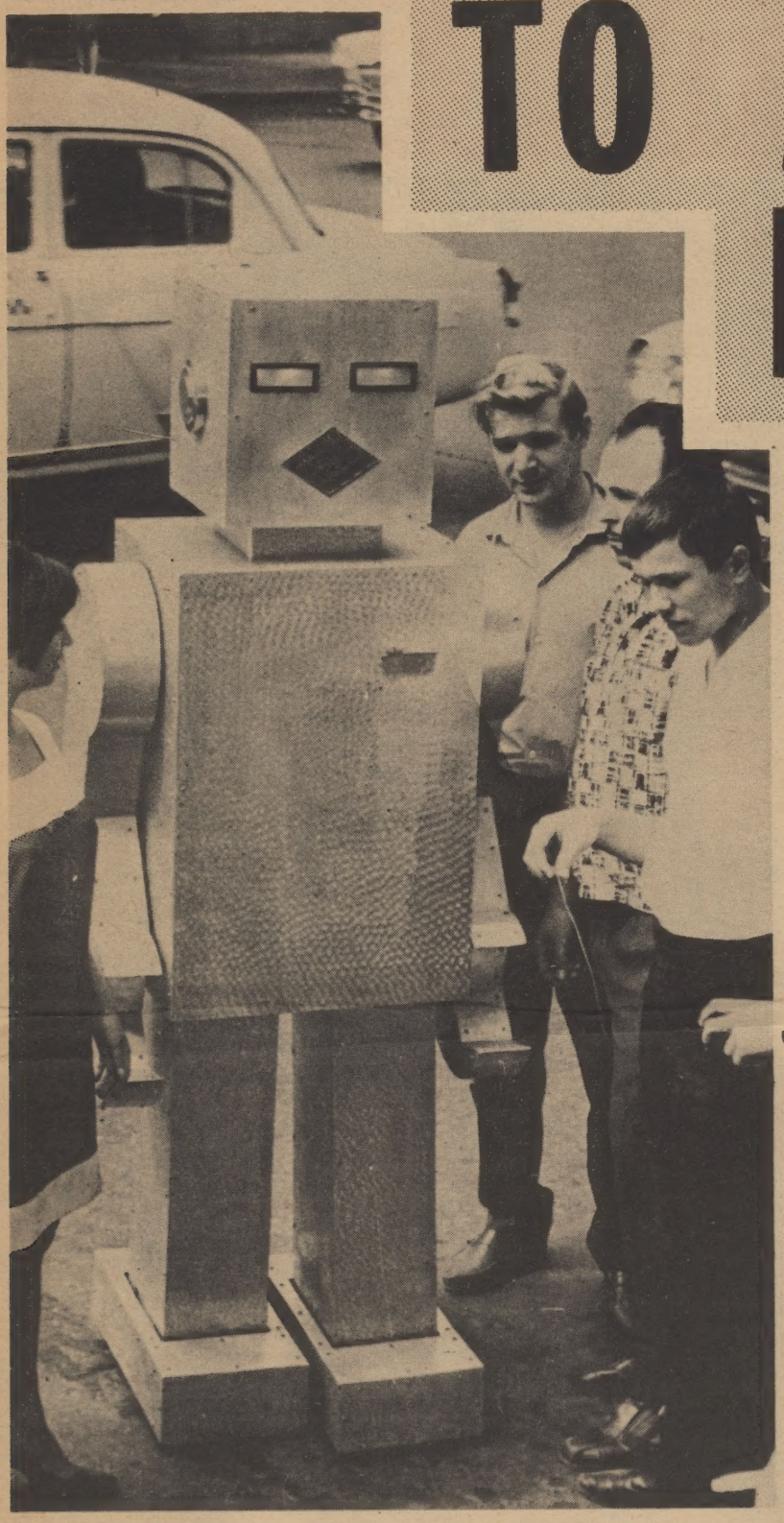
Please answer this as we are getting married next week and I want to know if I should make reservations for my sister, aunt and brother on our honeymoon.

Pooped Penny.

Dear Pooped Penny.

Remember, the family who sleeps together stays together.

ROBOT PROGRAMMED TO ACT HUMAN - RAPES 26 GIRLS



Herbie the Robot was built to act, think and function like a human being.

And that's where the trouble came in.

Herbie was so human that he raped 26 girls before he was jailed by the police.

The robot, whose real name was HR-BE, was the brain storm of Dr. Asiic Ismof of the Institute for Advanced Robotics in Manchester, N. J.

For years, the scientist had wanted to build a mechinacal man who would be able to think and act human. But because he didn't have the neccessary materials, Dr. Ismof couldn't do anything but dream.

"Oh, we built robots," Dr. Ismof said, "but they were limited mechanisms which could only do a few jobs or say a few words.

"The human brain is so complex that we couldn't duplicate it because we didn't have relays small enough.

"But when the micro-microscopic transistor was developed, we could do it."

It took Dr. Ismof and his assistant, Dr. Peter Salt, six months to perfect Herbie.

"There were several problems at first. Like when Herbie couldn't walk straight. But a gyroscope in his left knee fixed that.

"Eventually we perfect a mechanical man so like a human that most of the students couldn't tell him from the real thing."

The first six months of Herbie's life was spent in the laboratory as he learned reading, writing and other related subjects. Then the doctors decided to let Herbie circulate among the students and really learn about being human.

"That was the idea of the experiment," Dr. Ismof said. "So we let Herbie have human contact to see if he could fit in."

And Herbie swung right into the student activity.

One girl student said, "Herbie was a fantastic person. He could relate to other human beings more than anyone else I had ever met.

"And Herbie was ready to defend other people's rights and fight for any principle.

"Like the time a tavern owner refused to serve Herbie a glass of 10-30 SAE.

"Herbie organized a protest demonstration and the bar owner buckled under and agreed to serve anyone including metal men.

"It was a big step forward.

"That's why it so hard to believe that a person like Herbie could rape anyone."

But Herbie did.

One night, about six months ago, he dressed up in Dr. Ismofs clothing and went stalking the college town, looking for a woman.

He found his first victim as she was leaving work. He spotted 26-year-old Bonita Birds as she was walking out of the "Let's Swing Lounge" on the east side of town.

Herbie waited in an alleyway until Bonita walked by. Then he grabbed her and dragged her in.

According to the police, Herbie kissed the squirming Bonita before he raped her.

And that act of kissing is what threw the police off the trail for months.

Bonita told the authorities that when she was kissed by her attacker, she noticed he had a metal mouth.

"When she said that," one police officer said, "we started looking for a big kid with heavy braces on his teeth, especially since the other victims all mentioned the metallic kisses."

The officer added that Herbie never picked on a student or someone associated with the college who might be able to identify him.

Then Herbie made a fatal mistake.

He went looking for a victim on a stormy night, not realizing that the flashes of lightning temporarily blocked his visual cells and half-blind, he grabbed a student who knew him.

When she screamed Herbie's name, he panicked and ran.

But the girl called police and told them what had happened.

Herbie was arrested a few hours later at the Institute's lab where he was attending a sit-in.

Charged with 26 counts of rape, Herbie refused to speak to the police until his attorney was present and that caused more trouble because Herbie's lawyer was the computer in the law library, and it was too massive to be moved.

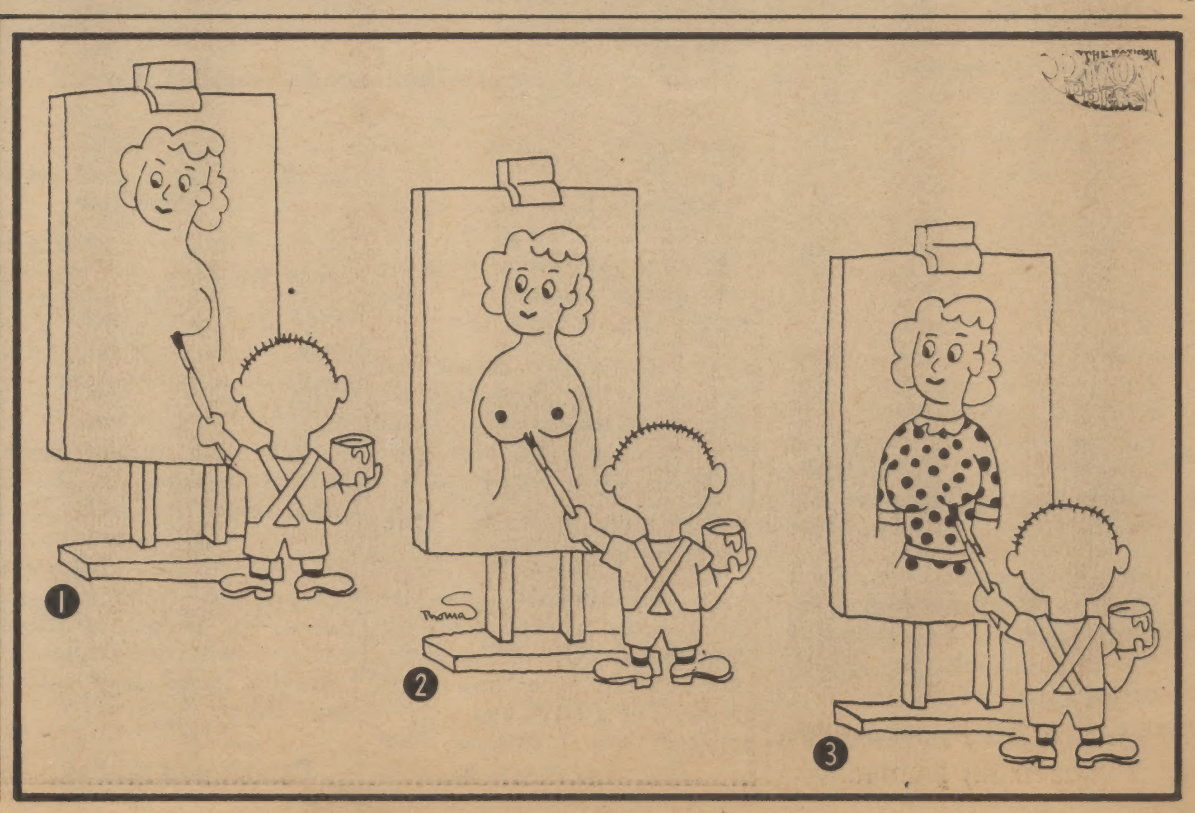
So in order to protect his rights, the trail was held in the law library and although Herbie's attorney, CM-434, conducted a brillant defense, Herbie was found guilty on all 26 counts.

He was taken back to jail to await sentencing the following week.

But Herbie cheated the scales of justice.

Last August 3, Herbie raped an electrical outlet in his cell, shortcircuting the entire jail and his own electronic brain.

The next day, a corner's jury ruled his death a suicide



480 DEAD, 1657 WOUNDED . . .

STUDENTS RIOT BECAUSE THERE'S NOT ENOUGH ICE IN THEIR COKES

The quiet campus of Midnothern University erupted in a wild riot which resulted in the deaths of 20 students and 460 policemen and National Guardsmen.

Ignoring their dead comrades, several students run for shelter during one of air strikes.

But the students weren't rioting because of racial discrimination, lack of educational facilities or because of a cut-back in scholarship funds.

They went berserk because the ice in their cokes was cut in half.

The trouble began last week when the ice making machine in the campus snack-bar broke down.

At first, the students took the lack of ice in their stride and lived with the inconvience.

"But when the ice maker was still on the blink the following day, several students complained," said Dr. William Parker Ardvon, the vice-dean in charge of all ice-makers on the Columbia, S. C., university.

"Then the Students for an Ice Filled Society organized a committee to protest.

"After the SIFS got started, another group, called the Students for Better Relations Between Man an Machine, instigated a campaign which charged that the university was exploiting the ice machine and demanded that we should stop the ruthless exploitation immediately.

"From that point on, there was nothing but trouble."

According to Dr Ardvon, the two student groups joined forces and picketed the snack-bar.

The demonstration was fairly quiet the first day with the students demanding the university negotiate, but when the school officials refused, mostly because the students hadn't told them what they wanted yet, Jack Clod, a 39-year-old professional student, led a group of 600 into seizing the snack-bar.

They made it to the back-room where the ice machine was located and promptly announced that they wouldn't leave until their demands were met.

"We would have probably met those demands at that point," Dr. Ardvon said, "but the students still refused to tell us what they wanted. And when we asked, the leaders just smiled and kept shouting about negotiating."

But student leader Clod disagreed.

"It didn't matter that the school didn't know what we wanted," he said. "That wasn't really the important point. The school had a duty to accept our terms, no matter what they were, as soon as we announced a student strike. After all, other colleges have done that.

"And that is another grievance we have. All the other schools that have had trouble have always given in almost immediately. Why not Midnorthern?"

When the students remained in the snack-bar the next day, the school officials decided to call in the police.

Arriving in "flying wedge" formations of 40 men each, these 10 formations attempted to rush the students by shoving their way into the snack-bar.

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